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Landscape-Gardening.

HORTICULTURE.

In this country, the science of horticulture is making rapid strides, but, as an ornamental Art, it is only in its infancy. In most of our principal cities, and indeed in those of smaller growth, horticultural societies are springing up for the purpose of moulding the public taste, and for the collecting and disseminating of correct information on all points relating to horticulture. Judging from their last exhibition, the New York Horticultural Society have soared far above and beyond their numerous competitors. They have a fair and improvable field before them, their list of members embracing many of our foremost citizens. A few more such successful exhibitions as the last just held at Niblo's, will conduce to raise the standard of horticultural taste, and diffuse a praiseworthy emulation, which will not fail to enrich the science and benefit us all. Scarcely ever have we seen a better collection of fruits, flowers and plants, particularly the former. Of peaches there were but a few specimens, but pears were abundant. The Pear is likely to be, in time, *the* fruit of our country; the attention of cultivators has been directed for some years to this point, and, as a consequence, variety on variety, of all flavors, colors and forms, have been produced, some most excellent and others notably worthless. Of summer pears, we noticed good specimens of the delicious *Bartlett*—the favorite of the many: in fall pears, the *Duchesse d'Angoulême*, *Flemish Beauty*, *Fondante d'Automne*, and the unexcelled *Seckel*. The *Glout-Morceau* and *Vicar of Winkfield* are among the winter pears. Then there were Grapes of rich deep color and fine bloom. We have native grapes, which are rapidly approaching perfection, and which, by cultivation, ripen regularly in our fickle climate. Such are the *Concord*, the *Diana* and the *Rebecca*; this latter is a white, that equals, to our taste, even the Muscat or Chasselas; it is an accidental seedling, which was found in a garden near Hudson, N. Y., a few years ago. To such perfection is the production of the vine brought now, that a gentleman of New England has succeeded in obtaining *three* crops of fruit, from a foreign grape—under glass, of course—in every *two* years.

We noticed an abundance of tender Nectarines, of exquisite color. Of Apples and Quinces there were but a few samples. Plums were in great plenty.

Of the more lowly and embedded fruits of the soil there were some of monstrous proportions; potatoes that would make a "far-down" twirl his shillalah with delight, and pumpkins of a Panzatic rotundity. The far-famed *Sorghum sucre*, or Chinese sugar-cane, and the equally notorious *Dioscorea batata*, or Chinese potato, were there—this latter appeared, from its elongated tubers, as if it seriously contemplated growing through the globe, back to its native soil.

We wish we could say a favorable word or two for the bouquets of flowers on exhibition. We really cannot see the beauty of immense cone-like structures of flowers heaped together, perfectly regardless of color, form or size, and large enough for a Samson or Brobdignagian. We noticed with pleasure a few flowers arranged very gracefully in Mosaic baskets, and some centre ornaments added to the variety, but not exactly to the grace of the collection. We question the propriety of arranging flowers in imitation of given forms. A magnificent plant, the *Aruni integifolium* by name, attracted particular attention, being a gigantic and very peculiar plant, with a flower of cream-colored shield-like form, that gracefully encircles and protects the immense pistil from injury; the leaves are very large, and are perforated so as to ease the stalks from all unnecessary weight; the size of this leaf is such that if it were composed of one entire tissue or thickness throughout, it would break the stalk, which is similar, but more rigid, to that of the rhubarb. Then there were the variegated-leaved plants. The *Cissus discolor* is, without exception, the most beautiful of climbers as to foliage; this is shaded with nearly every variety of color, the young leaves being remarkably brilliant, and of velvety texture; the pure white flowers are produced in the axilla of the leaves, and contrast charmingly with the leaves. The varied *Dræcena* or dragon tree, with its unique foliage, touched with crimson; the velvety *Begonias* and the *Croton* plants, with ornamental leaves of various colors. And there was the wonderful *Orchid*, or butterfly, or air plant, which many suppose to feed upon the air, shooting out its gay-colored petals far beyond its stalk, and contrasting vividly with its stringy roots. Then the *Dahlias*, revelling in the brilliancy of all tints of color, gratifying the eye with their noble discs of varied hue.

The collection of Ferns were really fine. This wonderful tribe are ever welcome. What a diversity of leaf! What an unlimitable arrangement or combination is exhibited in the placing of the seed vessels! How innocent the little *Adiantums* and *Hymenophyllums!* Pictures of modesty these; then there is the hurley-burley and rough-looking *Scolopendrinns* and the *Osmunda regalis*, the most stately of ferns. What a world of interest and beauty from the one progressively up to the other, with the vernation or unfolding of the fronds, looking like miniature crosiers, which gradually expand into leaves or fronds of all forms, arrangement, and position, with golden and with silver backs, with red and with black; tipped, spotted, streaked, or margined like embroidery; stately, erect, and gracefully drooping, flowerless, but fruitful! We are pleased to see a taste for this family revived. With them were their next of kin, the pretty trailing and lowly *Lycopodiums*. But how diminutive they all appeared by the side of the lordly *Araucaria*, which stood beside them; this superb specimen, some fifteen feet high, was the *A excelsa*, or Norfolk Island pine, and belongs to a very ornamental genus of evergreen trees, which are natives of South America, and of majestic growth, often attaining the height of one hundred feet.

We were sorry to find a lack of shrubs, for these are much sought after, and few foreign beauties surpass the American seedlings. We would have had the halls and vestibules lined with them. Horticultural exhibitions are becoming important elements in the expression of public taste, and they deserve earnest encouragement.

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

Dear ——:

Savoy, *Aug.*, 1857.

"I am spending this season here. Rome is too unhealthy for the summer months. I suffered all last winter from ailments; and as summer approached, I suffered still more, barely escaping that detestable Campagna fever, which has no parallel this side of Western prairie-lands. I think I have benefited by coming to a purer air. The change is perfectly delightful; I could write a volume about it. How I hate Rome! Of all mea